

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c

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VIVIER.

The following is an extract from the journal of an amateur on the occasion of Vivier's first appearance at M. Jullien's concerts:—

"The *debut* of this extraordinary and accomplished artist is decidedly the most significant musical event of the month; and, if we are not much mistaken, will mark as an epoch in musical annals. M. Vivier has acquired over that rebellious instrument, the French horn, a mastery so absolute, that he draws from it at pleasure tones soft and sweet as those of the flute, notes rough and angry as the trumpet's snarl, melancholy as the hollow wailing of the bassoon, or deep-mouthed and fierce as some wild beast's roar, or the muttering of distant thunder. The twisted brass seems plastic in his hands. Sometimes, in his sliding transition from note to note, the human voice sings mournfully; sometimes he breathes forth earnest entreaty, sometimes passionate remonstrance; and there are long, tremulous, palpitating tones, which seem to express the sobbing of a bosom torn with anguish, or to give shuddering utterance to the most intimate agony of the soul. Next moment, the strains will change, and joyful tones gush forth like the bubbling silver from a fountain, merry and clear as a child's carol, and overflowing like it with careless happiness, bright hope, and delightful memories. It is this rare power of painting in music the varying passions of the soul, and of impressing on his audience emotions profound and vivid as his own, [that] characterises M. Vivier's performance. As we listen, intellectual appreciation and critical analysis give place to responsive sympathy; we feel ourselves under the influence of genius, and it is no longer the sound of a trumpet, but the soul of a man that absorbs our rapt attention. Just so, when Paganini played, it was not to the mere wooden violin, to the vibrating strings, to the physical undulations of the air, that we used to listen; through those material media an impassioned soul found utterance, and entered into communication with our own."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE *Huguenots* was repeated on Saturday.

On Tuesday Ronconi made his second appearance. The entertainments were the second act of *Anato* and the *Barbiere*. The first part of the performance was not much relished, despite the immense acting and fine singing of Ronconi in the *Usurper*. Verdi cannot obtain a stronghold at Covent Garden. He is disrelished by the band, the singers, the conductor, and the public. The chorus alone hold him in any favor. They have a lean liking for him inasmuch as his unisons give them no trouble. But we shall leave Verdi to the flagellation inflicted on him by the *Morning Post*, which the reader will find transferred into another part of our journal.

The *Barbiere* went off with infinite spirit. Mario is the

very perfection of Count Almaviva, and Ronconi the most mercurial and humorous of Barbers. Never have we seen the two characters represented with so much effect as on Tuesday. It is altogether unaccountable how Mario should have ever resigned the part of the Count to any tenor. It is beyond all question one of his most splendid performances, and surpasses all the Counts heard or seen in this country. Mario's voice is exquisitely adapted to Rossini's music, both in its natural sweetness and its floridness. The "Ecco ridente" was a magnificent specimen of singing, and was encored enthusiastically—a compliment we never heard paid to this most beautiful of serenades before. Perhaps one cause of the encore was that Mario did not alter Rossini's notes. This was a lesson the singers had been previously taught by Albini. Time was when vocalists considered Rossini's airs but frames on which to hang their own *broderies*. They are beginning to be a little more enlightened now, and to entertain a notion that the *maestro* knew something more of the voice than themselves. However, if they still persisted in their presumption, the public would treat them with disdain, being taught to distinguish the legitimate from the false by two of the greatest singers of all times—Mario and Albini. To such as loved to hear Rossini's music sung as he wrote it, Mario's performance on Tuesday must have afforded a very rare treat. The beauty of the melodies were rendered with a voice of exquisite richness, and purity, while the florid passages were given with the precision and facility of a violin. Mario's execution is quite marvellous. We do not remember ever to have heard the duet, "All' idea di que metallo," provoke so much enthusiasm. Mario's Count Almaviva, in short, is one of the most perfect performances ever witnessed, and, if attractive according to its merits, would draw all London to the Opera for twenty nights.

And then, what coadjutor had Mario in Ronconi. The Figaro of this artist is a performance of great originality. It is the Spanish barber to the life; the sly, the witty, the self-possessed; the liar, the intriguer, the flatterer, the money-seeker. In all these phases Ronconi is curiously happy, and makes every point tell with the audience. His "Largo al factotum" was splendidly sung, or, rather, splendidly acted; for, indeed, his every look and motion was so instinct with fun and humour that the hearers' ears were forestalled, and "made fools of the other sense." The music of Figaro was written for a high barytone, and here Ronconi has a decided advantage over all the Figaros in our recollection. His voice has also a good deal of flexibility, without which the music could not be completely rendered.

Madame Castellan made a charming and lively Rosina, and sang the music delightfully. It was the first time, if we mistake not, the fascinating *cantatrice* made her essay in comedy in London. If so, she has no need to apprehend a failure in her new line of impersonation. Madame Castellan introduced, at the piano, an air of a Spanish character, written by De

Beriot for Malibran. This was rendered with peculiar warmth and feeling, and was loudly applauded.

Polonini, with a little practice, would make an excellent Bartolo. He should not have omitted the fine aria in the first act. By the way, why does not Tamburini undertake this part? He would make an immense hit in it, or we are greatly mistaken.

Tagliafico made much of Basilio, and sang the splendid "Calunnia" song very finely, biting a little too much hurrying the time.

Mademoiselle Cotti, although a little frightened, acquitted herself capitally in the old duenna. She sang her song in the second act with point and spirit.

If the opera had even *one* rehearsal—poor Rosini could not have been spared one rehearsal!—the success of the *Barbiere* would have been immense; but some parts went so lamely as to be quite unpardonable. Ronconi was the only individual who knew his part perfectly.

So much for the *Barbiere*, which, with the same performers as on Tuesday night, we would willingly walk twenty miles on foot to hear—provided it had one or two rehearsals.

Thursday was an extra night, and the *Don Giovanni* was given for the second time this season. At the first performance great disappointment was felt that Formes was unable to assume the part of Leporello, which was known to be one of his greatest personations. On Thursday night Formes appeared for the first time as Leporello on the Italian stage, and with a result which his warmest admirers could hardly have anticipated. Truth to say, the Leporello of the German basso is the most satisfactory we have ever seen, as it is not only highly comic, when comedy is requisite, but profoundly serious where the exigencies of the scene demand a total forbearance from any thing verging on the humourous. In the latter respect, his Leporello is the only one that really impressed us with a sense of its reality. All the Italian artists who have played the character, including the greatest of them all, Lablache, have never condescended to consider the awfulness of the last scene, but thought it incumbent on them to create mirth when they should have exhibited terror, and to turn into a joke the most terrible situation in any drama we know. Formes alone has paid due reverence to the situation and the music; and hence the effect of the last scene on Thursday night was something indescribable. We never felt the weight of Mozart's music before. And all this is owing to Formes' knowing what he speaks, and feeling what he sings. How simple the means, and yet what a lesson has the German basso read to all the Italian vocalists who have preceded him. We are certain the lesson of Thursday night will not be thrown away.

The singing of Formes was admirable from first to last. The catalogue song was very finely given. In the duet in the churchyard, and the grand sextet, his splendid voice told with powerful effect.

We noticed many new points in Formes' acting which plainly indicated he had a purpose in all he did—that not a look, an attitude, or motion, was thrown away. We were particularly struck with his devotion to Don Giovanni, in the finale to the last act, and his clinging to him when confronted by the maskers, although he wanted to fasten his guilt upon him. In the last scene his seizing hold of Don Giovanni's hand and endeavouring to force him away from the statue, his look of horror when he hears his master declare his determination to sup with the ghost, and his exit with a shriek, were splendid points, and worthy of any artist.

We have no hesitation in saying that Leporello is by far the best performance of Formes we have yet seen.

Madame Castellan's Zerlina was, on this occasion, delightfully sung and admirably acted. We could hardly have desired a more captivating peasant girl in looks and demeanour, while the fair vocalist never exhibited more thorough indication of being an artist in judgment and a musician in feeling. Mozart's music was reverenced.

Of Grisi's glorious performance of *Donna Anna*, of *Mario's Ottavio*—which suffered slightly from a cold—and of *Tamburini's Don*—which was rendered doubly grand and impressive in the last scene by Formes' serious acting—it is unnecessary to speak. They are stereotyped in the pages of the *Musical World*.

Tagliafico sang with immense power in the last scene. His voice sounded stony and sepulchral, and was awe-striking in the extreme. We cannot help repeating that this last scene was unparalleled in its effect, and that it was, perhaps, the greatest thing achieved at the Royal Italian Opera. We trust *Don Giovanni* will be repeated; such a performance as that of Thursday night should not be overlooked by the directors.

Madame Viardot has arrived, and will appear in the *Prophète* next Saturday.

VERDI AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

A GREAT uproar took place at this establishment last night; several persons attired in quaint costumes appeared upon the stage, and for some reasons which we in vain endeavoured to make out from the business of the scene, or the requirements of the dramatic action, uttered strange cries and piercing screams. The strain upon their pulmonic resources appeared to be very great indeed, yet on the whole they did their duty manfully. After ruminating for some time at these peculiar proceedings, and searching deeply for the philosophy of this vocal raving, we were at length fortunate enough to discover something which we will venture to lay before our readers, not as a conclusive solution of the problem, but simply as a proposition which may, perhaps, afford a clue to the mystery.

Verdi, the hope of young Italy—Verdi, whose music (?) is being performed with success throughout musical Europe, and is the admiration of many Italian vocalists, must needs possess some wondrous excellence. Musicians (the poor blind creatures!) may not be able to discover it, they may not be able to discern in it any of those attributes of musicianship which they worship in Mozart and other dull writers of the so-called classical school; but musicians are seldom philosophers, and Verdi is—hence his incomprehensible superiority, and the great difference which exists between him and all other great composers. Verdi's style may in a great measure be considered as a tremendous musical illustration of the popular maxim that "unity is power;" but his chief and noblest aim appears to be to show that the human voice, when strained to the utmost, can be made to produce more noise than any combination of instruments whatever, to assert the supremacy of the "voice of Nature," to prove its superiority over mere mechanical inventions and contrivances, even though they be made of brass or sheepskin. Who can deny the elevation of this purpose? Nature *versus* Art! Why should man or woman be out-roared by an ugly trombone, or out-screamed by an impudent octave flute?

To the great object we have mentioned, Verdi has devoted

his energies; in the pursuit of it, all smaller considerations to which unphilosophical composers have given their attention, such as melody, harmony, counterpoint, dramatic propriety, originality, &c., have appeared to him insignificant and unworthy the attention of a genius.

We believe, then, we have explained the philosophy of Verdi's music, and the object of his ambition; but, unfortunately, his experiments have only been partially successful; for, with all the superhuman efforts of his vocalists, it is but rarely that they contrive to get above the truly infernal din of the orchestra; but when they do they are richly rewarded by the audience, who seem thoroughly to appreciate the difficulties they have undergone; and, highly gratified by this interesting triumph of human nature, not unfrequently vociferate, "Let them roar again!" which they do, accordingly, in a manner which it would "do any man's heart good to hear."

We are by no means sure that we have given a correct explanation of the Verdian musical philosophy, for the meaning of so great and popular a writer is not easily discovered; but perhaps our indulgent readers will accept it until they get a better.

We spoke very severely of this opera when it was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre under the title of *Nino*; and the fact of its being called *Anato* at the Royal Italian Opera by no means induces us to add anything to, or retract anything from, our already expressed opinion. Had not the affair been forced upon our notice by the fact of so deservedly celebrated a singer as Signor Ronconi selecting it for his *début*, we should not again have spoken of it; for as a work of art it is altogether beneath criticism. We shall now merely record that it was sung by Madame Castellan, Madlle. Vera, Signor Tamberlik, Signor Tagliafico, and Signor Ronconi, much better than it deserved to be.

Signor Ronconi received a very warm greeting, and was much applauded throughout; but we must decline entering into any details respecting his general merits until we hear him in something more worthy of his talent.

The house was crowded.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT.

THE Hanover Square Rooms were crowded at the concert of Mr. Brinley Richards, the pianist, and the audience were elegant as numerous. Mr. Richards is an artist who has lawfully earned the repute in which he stands with the profession and with the public, and he did much on the present occasion not only to confirm, but to increase the esteem in which he is held. The most important feature of the evening was Mr. Macfarren's quintet in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and double bass, which was executed by Messrs. Richards, Cooper, Hill, Piatti, and Mount, and was received with great applause. Mr. Richards played also one of the admirable Studies of Cramer, the prelude and very melodious Fugue of Bach in C sharp major, and the Courante, followed by the air with variations, known as the "Harmonious Blacksmith," of Handel, in which the classical purity of his style was displayed to much advantage. He was no less successful in a selection of pieces calculated to test very different qualities in the pianist from those brought into play in the works of these ancient masters, namely, a *Nocturne* and a *Scherzo* of his own composition, the latter of which in particular was extremely effective for the instrument. Further, he performed one of the brilliant fantasias for pianoforte and violin, of Osborne and De Beriot, with Mr. Cooper, an admirable violinist, whose talent is the more esteemed the more it is known; and lastly, an extremely showy *concertante*,

for two pianofortes, and some of the most popular songs of Schubert, with the composer Mr. Benedict. The only other instrumental performance was a solo on the violoncello of Sig. Piatti, whose beautiful style and extraordinary execution elicited much admiration. Among the vocal pieces the most conspicuous were a trio of Mr. Richards, sung by Miss Birch, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Drayton, the American vocalist, which was unanimously redemanded by the audience; and a song, "Hark, maiden, 'tis the battle cry," also the composition of the *beneficiaire*, which was so admirably sung by Mr. Sims Reeves as to deserve and to receive the same compliment. Miss Catherine Hayes sang an aria from the *Sonambula* in her best and most effective manner, and, with Madame Macfarren, two of the beautiful duets of Mendelssohn, in which the charming combination of the exquisite voices of these ladies enhanced even the great beauty of the music. Madame Macfarren surprised us and delighted every one by her truly chaste yet highly impassioned rendering of "Voi che sapete;" we have long admired, in common with all the best musical judges, the beautiful voice and the energetic style of this young lady, but we remember not to have heard her to such advantage as on this occasion, when her evident appreciation of the intention and the intensity of the music, and her skilful command of her vocal resources, enabled her to give a reading to one of Mozart's happiest inspirations that we never wish to hear surpassed. Madame Macfarren's admirable singing of this lovely song was duly appreciated and fully acknowledged by the audience. Misses. Birch, Bassano, and Messon, sung each an aria of Rossini, in which each displayed her accustomed powers. Miss Owen sang an extremely graceful ballad of her brother's, Mr. Owen, the clarinet player, with much sweetness. Signor Marchesi, a vocalist with a good style and a fine organ, Mr. W. Seguin, Mr. Drayton, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Sims Reeves, sang several other pieces which are too well known to need particularising. Mr. Benedict, Mr. L. Sloper, and Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied the vocal music with their usual excellence, and the whole went off in a manner that must have been gratifying, as it was creditable, to the esteemed artist who furnished the entertainment.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE seventh concert took place on Monday night. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in A minor, No. 3. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Aria, "Bell'aggio," ("Semiramide") Madame Ortenzia Maillard. Rossini.

Concerto, Op. 15, Violin, M. Allard (1st Movement) Allard.

Motet "Ave Maria," Mr. Sims Reeves, (Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Williams) Cherubini.

Overture, "Preciosa" C. M. Von Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in C. Minor Beethoven.

Duetto, "Ah si tu" ("Guglielmo Tell") Madame Ortenzia Maillard, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Rossini.

Adagio Finale of Concerto, Op. 15, Violin, M. Allard Allard.

Recit et Cavatine "O Pretres de Baal," "Mon coeur est déarme," ("Le Prophète") Madame Ortenzia Maillard Meyerbeer.

Overture, "Gulie" Onslow.

The strength of this selection was in the symphonies, both of which are masterpieces, and were played in the very best style. The *scherzo* of Mendelssohn's was encored. No two works could have been better chosen as examples of the matured genius of their composers, and none have more materially served to render their fame universal. There is nothing new, however, to be said of either of them, since they are well known and fully appreciated by all lovers of instrumental music, without as within the precincts of the Philharmonic.

It would be unfair to judge M. Allard by his performance

last night. The reputation of this gentleman in Paris, both as a soloist and an executant of classical chamber music, stands very high, and we have good reason to know not undeservedly; but the circumstances that induced him to come forward with a concerto of his own composition had an unfortunate influence on his *début* at the Philharmonic Concerts, and doubtless led those who had no previous knowledge of him to form a very disparaging notion of his talent. M. Allard does not shine as a composer; and, for a work of its pretensions, we have rarely heard anything more destitute of merit than the concerto in E major introduced last night to the subscribers. It is but fair to add, that when invited by the directors to perform at the seventh concert, M. Allard expressed a desire to play the concerto of Beethoven, or that of Mendelssohn; but both these works had already been given this season—the first by M. Sainton, the last by Mr. Cooper. M. Allard, it is true, might have resorted to Spohr or Molique, and even De Beriot or Mayseder would have been far preferable to the *pis aller* to which (we must presume) his non-acquaintance with these celebrated writers reduced him. Under the circumstances, however, we feel justified in postponing our decided opinion of M. Allard's ability as a violinist until we have heard him to better advantage in music more congenial to the taste of an audience so critical as that of the Philharmonic. His performance created very little sensation.

The two overtures were strongly contrasted. The *Preciosa* of Weber, though light in construction, is full of character and freshness; the *Guise* of Onslow, laborious and weighty, is utterly without interest: the one is the offspring of genius, the other of dull pedantry. The vocal music, except Cherubini's beautiful "Ave Maria," admirably sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, was by no means well chosen. Moreover, the lady upon whom two solos and a duet devolved, Madame Ortenasia Maillard, produced so unfavourable an impression, by the exaggerated light under which she exhibited all the worst vices of the French school of singing, that after the symphony of Beethoven the audience began gradually to disperse, so that much of the second part of the concert was gone through before a very unaccustomed array of deserted seats. Altogether, this concert cannot be commended as a successful one. The directors must bestir themselves, and make amends at the eighth and last of the present season, hopes of the goodness of which are already entertained by the assurance that Mr. Benedict is engaged to perform a new concerto of his own, written expressly for the occasion, and that Ernst will play.

OUR COTEMPORARIES.

We present our readers this week with an extract from the *Morning Post*, apropos of the Philharmonic, the Sacred Harmonic Societies, the Italian Operas, &c. There is much in the article for the reader to chew upon; but while affording them a space in our columns, we do not pledge ourselves to the writer's opinions:—

"On looking around us, on examining and comparing the operatic bills and concert programmes which appear during a London season, in the hope of being able to draw therefrom some positive conclusions as to the actual degree of our musical advancement, we are constantly confused by inconsistencies, and confounded by contradictions. The concert of last night, for instance, was an admirable one, all the great works were vociferously applauded, and really appeared to be understood and relished by the audience. People had paid liberally for their admission, and their evident satisfaction proved that they by no means regretted the outlay.

"We find, besides the Philharmonic, our excellent Sacred Har-

monic Society's and Classical Chamber Concerts, &c., constantly crowded to listen to good music, at the same moment that, perhaps, the poorest possible modern opera is attracting full audiences at one or both of our foreign theatres, or the most miserable ballad is enjoying "unbounded success." To reconcile these contradictions is a matter of some difficulty, and we confess we are scarcely prepared to do so; but we think a final judgment and a correct estimate of the actual state of musical taste can only be arrived at by comparing the amount of patronage bestowed upon good and bad, or, to use milder terms, inferior and superior music.

"We are willing to give the *habitués* of the Philharmonic, Beethoven Quartett Concerts, Musical Union, &c., the full benefit of the reputation for connoisseurship which their constant attendance at these classical entertainments argues; but the mere fact of people frequenting the temples of the classic muse, *de cori gratid*, no more proves to us that they are possessed of pure musical taste than others by attending church every Sunday would convince us of the purity of their morals. We wish to know what they do *every day*. We wish to know their actions when uninfluenced by regard to appearances, or when scared into propriety by the dread of being found out.

"If a man may be judged by the company he keeps, the books he reads, music he hears, and pictures he sees, may surely be allowed to afford an equally powerful means of inferential judgment upon his mind and character.

"It is easy for the vicious or ignorant to assume a reverence for virtue and learning, but it is impossible for the truly virtuous to enter into any compromise with vice; and this trite fact, this truism (which, although admitted in theory, is strangely lost sight of in practice), when applied to the arts, establishes that it is possible for those having a depraved taste for music or painting to assume a reverence for the true and beautiful, but it is utterly impossible for those who know the true to believe in the false.

"We have six Italian opera performances per week, most of which are devoted to inferior works; we have innumerable concerts devoted to the small style of music; and, although there be many in which better things are to be heard, still, on examination, it will be found that the amount of patronage bestowed on the bad or inferior is infinitely greater than that which the good receives even for fashion's sake. But the strongest proof of all of our taste is to be found in the music one hears in private society, at musical parties. What compositions form the chief delight and recreation of our amateurs? Do they sing or play Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or any other great writer? Yes! about one out of fifty thousand on an average; while the other forty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine revel in the nauseous sweets of the modern Italian school, the namby-pamby English ballad, or the impossible melodies and frightful chromaticisms of small German composers. Again, we would ask—what is the kind of music our musicsellers and operatic managers find it to their interest to bring out and pay for? Is it the best? Certainly not, say they; and yet we have a *taste*! Save the mark! What sort of a taste? 'Ay, there's the rub.' We have now come to a point which touches most nearly the interests of all art. Persons who admit that they know nothing may be instructed; at least, they possess a knowledge of their ignorance, which is the next in usefulness to a knowledge of the thing itself. Persons who have a limited knowledge of the thing would rather pride themselves on their learning than on their taste, but it is only those who know nothing whatever, and yet have the presumption to aspire to criticism, who insist so strongly upon their *taste* for art; and it is no wonder they should; for deprive them of this imaginary appreciative power, and what becomes of their approving 'good' or deprecatory 'bad'? This all-sufficient *taste*, which comes, doubtless, like some divine ray of inspiration from above, is the sole supporter of their curule chair: let but the hand of common sense pluck it away, and down come these mighty law-givers, without being able to break their fall by clinging to one scientific truth or artistic fact! Taste, forsooth, without knowledge, which can alone give taste in the usual acceptation of the word! Save us from *such* taste, for it is the bane of all true art! How many out of all those who listened to and applauded to the echo the masterpieces performed last night would, supposing the same amount of merit, or a portion of it, to exist in the work of one of our own composers, be capable of.

recognising or willing to encourage it? Very few, we fear! Yet if they *really* saw the excellence of the one, they could scarcely fail to discern the excellence of the other. "The greatest works of all kinds resemble each other," said poor Weber; and though a certain individuality and peculiar mode of expression are inseparable from original composition, still the resemblance must be greater than the difference. All great works are wrought upon some principle, which has been only discovered by reflection and experiments, and it is from such works alone that we can deduce all rules of art. Rules of all kinds are drawn from discoveries and based upon experience; they are not abstract inventions. Deep study and comparison can alone lead to a knowledge of them. But hold! may exclaim our transcendentalists—does not *inspiration* do it all! Such an argument would indeed take us altogether out of this world, upon the things of which we are alone able to reason. But we do not think that a great work is *judged* by inspiration, or that the faculty which enables us to see and admire its excellence would be able to sympathise so warmly with that which must of necessity be so above its comprehension, beyond its powers of judgment, and, consequently, out of the reach of its sympathies.

"Music is just as much a fixed science as any other. We know that certain causes give certain results; we know that such and such things *are*, although we may not know *why* they are. The true musical student visits every corner of the tone world, he investigates every possible combination of sound and variety of rhythm, he studies the powers and capabilities of every instrument and voice, and seeks to imbue himself with a feeling of their quality of tone and general effect. He essays the blendings of various instruments, and takes note of the effect produced by the various harmonic combinations so blended, and, in short, endeavours to acquire a *certain* knowledge based upon experience. The deeper he goes the more he finds to admire in the works of the great masters, in which he sees the application of the means of which he may be master. Out of the various forms and styles of beauty, drawn from tonal combination and succession, he discovers one grand *central form*, which he at once finds to be in every sense the best, for it includes every manner and style conceivable, every available chord or passage, and is the only means of arriving at the much-desired "variety-in-unity" principle. This form may be termed the whole; and particular styles, or schools, portions of the whole. Each of these may possess some attributes of excellence—some brightly-glowing passages; but the knowledge being limited, in much writing repetition becomes unavoidable, and a mannered style inevitably results. In the works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, we find everything worth having; and if a composer thinks to arrive at originality by studiously avoiding a resemblance to what they have written, he will merely fall into eccentricity and absurdity. It is true that a man, by the skilful use of newly-invented instruments, may produce some orchestral effects not to be found in the great masters; but his power stops there; for, without the general knowledge they possessed, he can never arrive at their eminence, and, at the best, can lay claim to no greater merit as a musician than he who brings together some brilliant colour effects in painting, without any reference to the general harmony of the whole picture or correctness of design or expression, would have to be considered a great painter.

"Light rises out of order, and beauty from proportion." Without order and proportion there can be no high art any more than there can be good government. That order, without which true liberty becomes impossible—that order which admits of the development of the greatest variety of character—is that which, applied to the arts, gives the greatest freedom to the imagination, the greatest variety of subordinate form under the salutary reign of the unity-of-design principle. There may be some small wits, some system-makers, or effect-seekers, who, for a time, succeed in throwing dust into the eyes of a novelty-loving world; but their reign is ever short, and they merely become ridiculous by their attempts to overturn a principle based upon that of the universe itself. The one only eternal principle of *variety in unity*, the variety which enchanteth the imagination, and the unity which satisfies the reason, the principle of all good governments, of all true art is coeval with the birth of the world, eternal as the Divine will, one and invisible with the principle of our nature and the world itself.

"The end and aim of the arts is to elevate the mind by pleasing it; pleasure is their object, but pleasure of the most refined and ennobling kind. The mind should be raised to consciousness of that bright glowing world of intensest joy, the future world of golden dreams and hopeful aspirations, the spirit's home, where every thought and beautiful imagining which has haunted our brain here below may find a form—where that which was ideal beauty, either in tones, form, or expression, may become reality. It is only thus that we can be raised above the level of this dull earth, or be enabled to catch a glimpse of eternal truth. But, to accomplish this, certain means have been furnished to us, and it is only by the use of the Divine attribute of our nature, reason, that we can hope to discover and apply them. No rhapsodies, no poetical phrenzies will do, without knowledge—a knowledge to be slowly and calmly acquired, by investigation and experience. The means lie within the reach of all but those who are blinded by vanity, and love to pride of inspiration, and those who are too indolent to study.

"The truth and beauty of musical art, like every other, are to be sought in investigation of the principles and experience (in its highest sense) of the art itself, and verified by comparison with the works of nature and the sister arts. The public, though frequently and grossly wrong and unjust to living talent, never fails to do justice to those who are beyond the reach of its applause. The mistakes of one generation are rectified by another, and in the long run 'The Million' is decidedly right. Even those who are incapable of understanding any other proof will, perhaps, feel some reluctance at entering into a contest in which all civilised human nature is against them. Who now thinks of comparing Piccini with Gluck, or Bouoncini with Handel? Yet those small people had their allies, and powerful ones, too, and contended for a long time successfully with the giants of song, whose works are *for all time*. The mists of error at length clear away, and the greatest men alone remain the wonder and admiration of succeeding ages. But how frequently does the homage of the world come too late! How often might the critic's pen, ably and honestly employed, teach the public to appreciate and reverence that living talent which, without its assistance, may presently fall a victim to ignorance, prejudice, or envy! To whom is the aspiring student to look for aid and encouragement, if not to the public critic and instructor.

"The comprehensive view we take of art enables us to recognise even the smallest merit. We can still discern the rays of the sun although they may be obscured by clouds or broken by irregularity. Knowing the whole, we must necessarily know its competent parts, also what proportion they bear to each other; and although we desire to have the best in art, it still affords us great pleasure to do justice to merit, be it never so diminutive, wherever we find it. The high standing of the Philharmonic Society, and its great influence upon musical feeling and art in this country, have led us into these reflections upon the state of public taste in general.

"We could say much more on this head, but the length to which this notice has already run warns us to proceed at once with the actualities of the concert."

The length of the above notice precludes our giving any further extract from our contemporaries in this number.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MONTPELLIER.—It is quite impossible to describe to you the sensation the talented *cantatrice*, Madame Montenegro, has occasioned in our musical coteries. She gave two representations at Nismes, *en route* from Lyons, so that from the short distance from hence to that place, she had already established popularity in the neighbourhood; but the frequenters of the theatre were in no way prepared for the impersonation of *Norma* which they witnessed on Thursday evening. Every one was struck with the impassioned scenes, and in the subdued parts there was a truthful pathos which contrasted well with the jealous rage which followed the discovery of Pollio's infidelity, and showed the talent of the *artiste* to the greatest advantage. Madame Montenegro well deserves the laurels she has gained. Madame Santiago's *Adalgisa* was

excellent; the progress this lady, not yet twenty-two, has made since I last heard her, is surprising; her voice is clear and of good quality, and she always sings with taste and feeling. Pollio fell into the hands of Signor Santiago, the second tenor not having arrived. The music was charmingly sung, but all the tenors of any repute studiously avoid the part.* Signor Nerini was the Oreeveso. His voice, which he uses most judiciously, is powerful; he is very young, and will, if I mistake not, live to be numbered among the bass singers of the day. The chorus was excellent, and the precision of the band under the able guidance of Mons. Henin, was remarkable. The director of the theatre, Mons. Valgalier, after the performance, waited on Madame Montenegro to extend her performances, but having engaged with the director at Toulouse to give three representations, she was unable to accede to his request. From Toulouse she proceeds to Plymouth, where she is engaged on enormous terms to give twenty representations, and from thence to the grand theatre at Madrid, for the *fêtes* given in honour of the Queen's accouchement in November. Last night, in spite of the prices being doubled, the theatre was crammed to the ceiling to witness the performance of *Lucia*. It was as brilliant as that of *Norma*. The mad scene was finely given, and indeed the whole performance was entitled to very high praise. The encores which Madame Montenegro with best possible taste complied with, were almost as numerous as the *bouquets* and *coronas* which were thrown at her feet. She was called before the curtain and received with the enthusiasm which is only known in the Midi, when they have talent they appreciate. Santiago might be said to have appeared for the first time, for one can scarcely call Pollio part for a first tenor; however, the favourable impression he made even in that character, gave him a hearty reception, and he sang the music of Edgardo with taste and feeling. He was called for at the end of the second act, and after the great *scena* in the last. There are qualities in Santiago's voice that remind me much of Ivanhoff. He is very young, and with study and practice may take rank among the first tenors of the day. Signor Ghislanzoni was the brother of the unhappy Lucy. This gentleman is young in the profession, but possesses capabilities of being a first-rate barytone. On Thursday *Norma* is to be repeated by general demand. Never was there such a musical town as this. There are several amateur societies, and among them musicians, little, if any, inferior to professionals. There is a tenor, Mons. Colin, with a voice of the most brilliant quality.

T. E. B.

MILAN.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Dear — : You will, I am sure, be right well pleased to hear that our countryman, Charles Braham, has made a decided hit here. I attended his *début*, which was highly successful. His first attempt before an Italian audience was at a concert of the Academy at the Carcano Theatre. He sang the "Una furtiva lagrima," from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was encored, and called for seven times before the curtain! Think of that, ye incomplete and frigid northerns! I understand he has been taking lessons from Rubini; and indeed he has made an immense advance in his profession. I remember him a very innocent singer in London, and now he has become one of the artful. His voice, too, is improved. In short, Italian Charles Braham is a very different personage from the Princess's Theatre Charles Braham. The judges all say that, with six or twelve months' study, the young English tenor will make a fortune

* Our correspondent overlooks the fact that Rubini, Donzelli, and Mario, have played Pollio, and that Tamberlik does play the part.—ED.

in Italy. All the papers are highly encomiastic. Thinking you would be glad to hear of him, I have written this hurried scrawl, which, pray, excuse.

ACROSTICS TO MISS CATH'RINE HAYES.

I.

MANY sweet charms in thee combin'd,
In varied loveliness we see,
So rare, so bright, and so refin'd,
Song, beauty, genius—all in thee.

Chanting divinest melody,
Ah! you such melting notes prolong,
That in delight we seem to be,
Heavenward wafted by your song,
Rushing through the deep-thrill'd brain,
In vain we'd check its onward way;
Now dazzling joy, now rending pain—
Each changeful feeling owns your sway.

How many hearts hang on thy voice,
And souls obey such changeful feeling?
You make to mourn—you say rejoice—
Each soul then feels through its heart stealing
Such strange delight, your powers revealing. ROBERT.

II.

Most enraptured tones awaking,
In the soul such heavenly powers,
Sun-like, when the morn is breaking,
Showing this bright earth of ours;]

Coursing through the rapid heavens,
Around its light the bright clouds fly,
Thou'st to the rapt soul given,
Heavenly tones to gild its sky;
Rending the deep awaken'd soul,
Inspiring thoughts that death-bound slept.
Now you make joy hold glad control—
E'en now we see mild eyes have wept.

How wondrous the unveiled powers
Awake, when Genius casts its spells,
You—like to Love, midst Passion's hours,
Evoke a life no language tells—
Strange, bright, and sweet, which in us dwells.

ROBERT.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.

ON Monday night a burlesque entitled *Esmeralda* was produced with decided success. The author has not gone back to M. Hugo's novel to reconstruct a new drama, but has taken the story as it exists ready dramatized in the ballet which Carlotta Grisi has rendered immortal.

There is something in the story of *Esmeralda* which resists the burlesque treatment. The fate of the fascinating young Bohemian is so thoroughly mournful, that even when her career is suddenly made to terminate happily, as in the ballet, it is impossible to give her fortunes a ludicrous aspect. The anxiety to see her execution is made the vehicle for some satirical allusions to that morbid love of the horrible which was so strikingly manifest some nine months ago, but the truth of the "hit" does not make it the more comical. The character of *Esmeralda*, as represented by Madame Celeste, is completely one of ballet, not of burlesque, and she is entitled to all praise for the elegance of her pantomime, and the characteristic freedom of her *Truandaise*. The Quasimodo of Mr. J. Smith was perhaps as fine a piece of dumb show as could be seen on any stage. The movements proper to deformity and the stolid ferocity were perfect, but it was the perfection of serious pantomime, not of burlesque. Captain

Phœbus turned into an exquisite in the Guards, and played by Miss Woolgar; Clipin made into a sort of pompous Blue-skin, by Mr. Paul Bedford; and Pierre Gringoire, who afforded some scope for the droll activity of Mr. Wright, were the comic personages of the piece, but the characteristics of none of these artists were displayed with great prominence. Fleur-de-lys is a singing character for Miss Fitzwilliam, and is attractive through the merits of the vocalists.

The business of the piece, the dances, the groupings, and so forth, are remarkably well conducted, and we would suggest that the skeleton should be brought together, and that the dialogue should be considerably shortened. At present, to be sure, the actors are not perfect in their metre, but even when present deficiencies are surmounted, we cannot help thinking that there is a considerable want of *vis comica* in the words, and that the piece chiefly depends on its qualities as a spectacle and its pantomimic action.

At the conclusion a scene was introduced totally irrelevant to the plot, but which caused much amusement. Emeralda was made to superintend a "wheel of fortune," from which a few prizes were drawn and actually allotted to the audience, the course of luck being determined by tickets given at the entrance to the theatre. Finally a living female statue was awarded to a gentleman in the stalls, represented by Mr. Worrell, and his right to take the article home was disputed by his better half, who, personated by Mr. Wright, in cloak and bonnet, remonstrated with him from a private box.

Madame Celeste and the other principal artistes were called at the fall of the curtain, and the fair manager announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause.

MARYLEBONE.

ON Thursday evening, a performance by the Dramatic Club of the Literary Institution of Edward Street, Portman Square, took place at this theatre, which was very well attended. The play was *Love's Sacrifice*. The female parts (the members of the club being all gentlemen) were assigned to professional artistes, Miss T. Bassano and Miss Fitzpatrick taking the principal ones. Time and study enough to embody the impassioned ideals of her thoughts, are alone wanting to make Miss T. Bassano a dramatic star of magnitude. Her best passages in the character of Margaret were the quiet resignation of her manner after she had determined on the sacrifice, and the burst of uncontrollable agony that followed, touches in the true spirit of the tragic drama. Miss Fitzpatrick, in Herminie, was as graceful and animated as usual. Among the amateurs, Messrs. Roberts and Austin excited most attention. The former gentleman's Elmore was correct rather than powerful; his declamation was throughout smooth and harmonious, and if his performance presented few points for decided admiration, certainly exhibited nothing to offend. He was more in his element, and therefore more successful, in the two afterpieces, *The Eton Boy* and *Time Tries All*; in the former of which he excited considerable merriment. Mr. Austin's Jean Rusé was the best piece of amateur acting in the play. He gave an excellent picture of the cunning and hypocritical serving-man. The rest of the parts, with the due allowance for amateurs, were creditably filled.

S. T. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Wednesday last M. Regnier took his benefit, on which occasion Scribe's comedy of the "Camaraderie" was performed. The cast was somewhat different from what it was on its previous production, when four of the principal artistes of the *Théâtre Français* took the leading parts, and by their united efforts contributed essentially to

the perfection of the ensemble. We then stated that we never saw a piece better put on the stage; as it now stands we again affirm that no piece of the modern *répertoire* is better worth seeing. We lose the *finesse* and finish of M. Samson's conception of the Comte de Miremont, peer of France, which is not compensated by the zeal displayed by M. Tourillon; but in other respects the play went admirably. Mlle. Brassine displayed much archness in the part of Zoë, originally performed by Mad. Nathalie, and the latter lady gave us a most perfect and masterly picture of the ambitious, intriguing, female diplomatist. The sedate, demure, passive expression of the countenance, was in excellent keeping with the part; and the violent, although subdued outburst of rage, when Césarine discovers that she has been made a cat-saw of, completed the triumph of Mlle. Nathalie under a very difficult ordeal, which naturally provokes a direct comparison with Mlle. Denain, out of which she however came triumphantly. Her reading was somewhat different from that of her predecessor in the part; but it was equally good and forcible, and was rewarded with well-merited applause. The oily, smooth-tongued, intriguing Barnardet, is quite in M. Regnier's line, every word seems written expressly for him; even his slight Gascon accent contributes to the illusion; perpetual motion, both of limb and tongue, is his element, he rattles on in a manner which throws even the *buffi comici* of the Italian Opera quite into the shade, so great is his velocity of utterance. In short he seemed the very incarnation of bustle and intrigue. Mad. Nathalie and M. Regnier were called on at the end of the performances. M. Regnier will leave London after next week; he will take with him our deepest sympathy and regret, with the hope that his parting will be but a temporary one. The house was good. The comedy was preceded by the favorite vaudeville *Les extremes se touchent*, in which M. Lafont played with true gentlemanly feeling the part of a nobleman of the old school.

J. DE C.—

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC IN SUNDERLAND.

(From a Correspondent.)

SIR,—I find, by No. 21 of your journal, that our musical doings, which have hitherto been passed over in silent contempt, are in future to be honoured by the notice of a special correspondent. I trust that the next time he forwards you a critique it will be a little more consistent with truth than his first essay; and, were he to separate the private tit-tat from the musical matter, it would render his communications far more interesting to your readers generally, and take up less of that space in your columns which may be more usefully filled. However pleasant Mr. Anthony Windpipe's reminiscences may be to himself, or however agreeable his meeting with his old friend, I apprehend that they have little to do with "Music in Sunderland." Therefore, if we are to be visited with another of his literary compositions, pray spare us the three parts of twaddle, and at once introduce us to the pith of his communication.

I should not have troubled you with this letter, had not the statements contained in friend Anthony's epistle been so absolutely false, and the object so evident (especially to any one knowing both the writer and the professional gentleman whose reputation he is attempting to injure), that common honesty towards one who, during his residence in this town, has done very much towards spreading a taste for the highest class of music, demands that the fallacies contained in Windpipe's letter should be exposed.

It appears, by his own statement, that your correspondent went to church solely to hear the organist. Now, whether this was a proper motive or not I will not stay to examine, but will at once proceed to speak of his remarks on this gentleman's performance. The organist did not please him: "his playing was all in the florid style." Perhaps, when Anthony favours us again, he will explain

what he means by the "florid style." In the meantime, I will just tell you what is my impression of Mr. Hills's organ-playing. I consider him to be a sound musician of the most severe school. During the three years he has been organist of Bishopwearmouth Parish Church—although I have been a constant attendant there—I have never heard him on any single occasion alter, in the slightest degree, the music he had to play. In playing the chants, psalm tunes, &c., I have never been able to detect the slightest attempt at display—not a single shake, turn, or ornament of any kind, but just sufficient organ to support the choir, and no more.

A perusal of the choir books will at once convince any one what his taste in church music is; for whereas, before his coming amongst us, we had nothing but conventicle tunes—bass solos, and tenor solos, and alto solos, and treble duets, *ad infinitum*—we have now none but old standard tunes: others, more modern, perhaps, but still written on the same models.

Your correspondent goes on to notice (very ingeniously) the Sunday scholars; and I would ask any one, reading this part of his letter, what is its evident object? Is it not to induce your readers to believe that these school children form the choir of Bishopwearmouth Church, and, being trained by the organist, are indebted for the faults of their singing to his imperfect tuition? What else does he mean by hoping that some of your Christian readers—*organists* for instance—"will take the hint?"

Now, the truth of the matter is, that we have a regular choir—very inadequately paid, indeed, but still a very good choir—totally distinct from the school children. Furthermore, the organist has nothing whatever to do with the Sunday-school children, so that, be their faults what they may, no blame can be attached to him. In addition to all this, the "powerful" organ of which "Windpipe" speaks is, in truth, miserable affair, crammed into the tower behind the western gallery, the case having been horribly mutilated in order to get it under an arch; the swell-organ being in the bell-ringer's loft.

The children, again, are placed in the *porch* of the church, two sets of folding doors having been removed, in order to put them out of the nave of the church altogether. The sound of the organ must be faint, indeed, when it reaches them, and the idea of the organist being able to hear what they are doing is perfectly absurd—in fact, I doubt whether he was aware that they attempt to sing at all. When your correspondent states that the congregation is not a detonating one, he certainly does come near the truth for once, for, as there not a dozen people in the whole assembly who attempt to sing (the choral portion of the service being performed by the choir and organist, and the remainder by the priest and clerk), they cannot be said materially to alter the pitch.

Having exposed the unfair nature of Mr. Anthony Windpipe's remarks, I shall not apologize for the length of this, because, having inserted in your journal an article reflecting discredit (most unjustly) on a young professor, you are, in common fairness, bound to afford a place to its refutation.

J. W.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHARITY SCHOOLS.

THE anniversary of this great festival was celebrated on Thursday in St. Paul's Cathedral, with the usual pomp and ceremony. The principal object of the yearly assembly of the metropolitan charity schools is too well known to require explanation; but it gives us pleasure to say that the attendance of visitors was more numerous than for many years past, and that the ends of benevolence are likely to be accomplished with unusual efficacy. It is probable that such a scene as that presented by the interior of St. Paul's on these occasions could not be matched throughout the world. The picturesque aspect of between 5,000 and 6,000 children, disposed on raised platforms round the gigantic nave of the Cathedral, the tiers of benches gradually elevated to more than half-way up the height of the pillars upon which the dome repos—decked out in party colours, with banners to represent the various schools from which they are sent as missionaries—the boys separated from the girls, and the whole

mass arranged with an eye to symmetry and pleasing contrast—is easier to insist upon than to describe; and when to this is added a dense and animated crowd of nearly 10,000 visitors, who fill the interior to the extremities, while in the background the great organ, with its pendant choir of seventy or eighty singers, arrayed in white surplices, serves to complete the picture, the magnificence of the *coup d'œil* may be well imagined. We shall refrain, however, from going over well-trodden ground by entering into further details about what may, without irreverence, be termed the spectacular part of this gigantic ceremony, and say a few words about the musical proceedings, which involve a large portion of the Cathedral service.

The celebrated composer, Haydn, during his residence in London, was wonderfully struck with the effect of the children's singing at one of the anniversary meetings of the schools, and declared that he never experienced a more profound sensation of delight than that derived from hearing the 100th psalm, sung in unison by such a vast number of young and fresh voices. Haydn was not likely to be moved without good reason, and we think the impression he describes must be felt with more or less intensity by every one alive to the persuasive eloquence of music. As usual, the service began yesterday at noon, and before the prayers the 100th Psalm was sung by the children. Besides the grand simplicity and breadth that result from the simultaneous combination of all the voices of boys and girls in unison, a very agreeable effect is produced by the occasional employment of the girls' voices alone. The pitch is sustained by the aid of the organ, and four trumpets placed near it, which play the most important notes of the melody. This device, however, does not always answer as well as might be wished, since the trumpets being all together, in a remote corner of the building, can scarcely be audible to the majority of the children. If doubled in number, and disposed in four different groups of two each, at four different parts of the Cathedral, and at equal distances from each other, they would be more efficient in insuring general steadiness of intonation, and would also materially help to enforce precision of time. Mr. Bates, from Woodford, upon whom devolves the task of drilling the children all the year round, added to that of conducting at the anniversary festivals, is scarcely decided enough in his manner of beating to obtain that pointed accent the absence of which is so detrimental to the effect of masses. He is placed on an elevation from which he can see and be seen by the entire company of youthful executants; but, as the psalms are always accompanied by the organ, it would be advisable for Mr. Bates to regulate his beatings by the suggestions of the organist rather than to depend entirely upon his own impulses. We own, at the same time, that it must be a very difficult matter to keep such an enormous host of voices continually together. Besides the 100th Psalm the children sang three verses of the 113th, and, after the sermon, four verses of the 104th, the last of which was perhaps the most satisfactory performance of the three. They also sang the "Gloria Patri" in the reading psalms; and joined at indicated places in the Coronation Anthem (Zadok the Priest) and the "Hallelujah" chorus (*Messiah*) of Handel, which were executed by the choir. The members of the choir, about 70 in number, are collected on these occasions from the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Temple, St. George's Chapel at Windsor, &c. On the whole, they are exceedingly efficient, although, from their being placed together promiscuously, the antiphonal effects aimed at by our anthem composers cannot be properly realized. For this,

however, we fear there is no remedy. Still the choir might be strengthened with advantage, and better music be introduced than Boyce's "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" in A, especially at the anniversary festivals, which could consistently be rendered the medium of a very high order of musical performance. At so splendid and noble a celebration everything should be on the grandest scale, and, with such means, music might be constituted the worthy handmaid of religion and charity. The reading psalms were chanted by the gentlemen of the choir, to Jones's chant in D. This tune was much admired by Haydn, who suggested an alteration in the antepenultimate bar, which was adopted, and has ever since been adhered to. The chanting was good, but would have been better had one system of accentuation been unanimously adopted; this, however, in a choir made up from members of several choirs, each of which may have a peculiar method of pointing the words, was impracticable. We cannot understand however, why one system should not universally prevail, since we presume only one can be correct. The music set to the *pieces*, responses, &c., by Tallis, was executed, and in these severe old tunes the effect of the children's voices was, at times, sublime. In Handel's anthem, however, and in the "Hallelujah" chorus, there was a great want of precision, the choir and the children appearing at intervals to be mutually in the way of each other; without a strict adherence on both sides to the time indicated by the composer, their combination in works of such difficulty is, indeed, a hopeless case. That they kept together as well as they did must be ascribed to the admirably clear and intelligible manner in which the organ part was executed by Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, assisted, we believe, by Mr. George Cooper, sub-organist. On Mr. Goss, a musician of distinguished reputation, devolves the entire direction of the musical proceedings at the anniversary meetings, and with the materials at his disposal he is entitled to high praise for the manner in which he performs the duties of his office. On the whole, our impression of the musical part of the ceremony was favourable; but it was not easy to repel an idea that continually suggested itself, of what great things might, with proper management, and some liberality, be effected on such an occasion. A skilful and ambitious composer would find it worth his while to write something expressly for the combination of the children with the choir, out of which the grandest effects are capable of being produced. It is not absolutely necessary to have always the same anthems in our cathedral service, and the art has assuredly grown out of Dr. Boyce. Something far better might be written—something more in consonance with the advanced state of music; and something would be written very soon, were the choirs of our cathedrals invariably in sound condition; but it must be disheartening, to the most enthusiastic lover of his art, to compose music of a lofty and elaborate character—music that can never repay in specie the time and pains it has cost—music that cannot find its way to the public through the medium of the publisher—unless at least there exist a hope of its being efficiently performed, and appreciated by those who are able to understand it.

The sermon was preached on the occasion by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Asaph, who selected for his text the first and second verses of the 127th Psalm—"Except the Lord build a house," &c. The whole proceedings terminated shortly after two o'clock; and through the unremitting exertions of Messrs. Fisher and Fuller (Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary), under whose zealous management all the arrangements were made, there was not the least disorder or inconvenience when the vast crowd dispersed and left the Cathedral, although

a heavy shower of rain presented an uncomfortable aspect outside. Among the notable persons present were observed His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Westminster (President), Lady Macclesfield, the Hon. Mr. Leigh, Lord and Lady Middleton, Lord and Lady Neville, the Sardinian, Prussian, and Hanoverian Ministers, one of the members of the Nepaulese mission, the Lord Mayor, with all his attendant pageantry, &c.

The patrons of the society dined together in the evening at the London Tavern. Mr. Alderman Gibbs, at the request of the Lord Mayor, occupied the chair, and was supported by the Bishop of St. Asaph, the Marquis of Westminster, &c. After the usual toasts, loyal and complimentary, Mr. Gilpin stated to the company that the contributions amounted to £589 8s. The musical arrangements, under the direction of Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's, who presided at the piano-forte, were highly satisfactory. Messrs. Hobbs, Francis, Machin, and other members of the choirs of St. Paul's and Westminster, supported by twelve boys from the Chapel Royal, and some of the amateurs from the Sacred Harmonic Society, who also assisted in the morning, composed the vocal force.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF MUSICAL GENIUS.

(From *Chambers's Journal*.)

Music, in its highest degrees of endowment, produces effects in the human character, of which the least that can be said is, that they are as worthy of being studied as any other class of mental phenomena. One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the gift in its loftiest forms, is the absolute impossibility of repressing it. Even during childhood, it is quite in vain, in most instances, to attempt to impose upon it the least control. In spite of the injunctions, the vigilance, the tyranny of masters and parents, the "unprisoned soul" of the musician seems always to find some means of escape; and even when debarred from the use of musical instruments, it is ten to one but in the end he is discovered ensconced in some quiet corner, tuning his horse shoes, or, should he be so fortunate as to secure so great a prize, like Eulenstein, eliciting new and unknown powers of harmony from the iron tongue of a Jew's harp. Some curious examples of the extent to which this ruling passion has been carried, occasionally occur. Dr. Arne (except Purcell, perhaps our greatest English composer) was bred a lawyer, and as such articled to an attorney; but his musical propensities, which showed themselves at a very early age, soon engrossed his mind to the exclusion of everything else. He used not unfrequently to avail himself of the privilege of a servant, by borrowing a livery and going to the upper gallery of the Opera House, at that time appropriated to domestics. It is also said that he used to hide a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he practised during the night; for had his father known what was going forward, he probably would have thrown both him and it out of the window. The father, however, never appears to have come to a knowledge of these proceedings, and his son, instead of studying law, was devoting himself entirely to the cultivation of the spinet, the violin, and musical composition, until one day, after he had served out his time, when he happened to call at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was engaged with a musical party, when being ushered into the room, to his utter surprise and horror, he discovered his son in the act of playing the first fiddle, from which period the old gentleman began to think it most prudent to give up the contest, and soon after allowed him to receive regular instructions.

Handel, too, was similarly situated. His father, who was a physician at Halle, in Saxony, destined him for the profession of the law, and with this view was so determined to check his early inclination towards music, that he excluded from his house all musical society; nor would he permit music or musical instruments to be ever heard within its walls. The child, however, notwithstanding his parent's precautions, found means to hear somebody

play on the harpsichord, and the delight which he felt having prompted him to endeavor to gain an opportunity of practising what he had heard, he contrived, through a servant, to procure a small clarichord or spinet, which he secreted in a garret, and to which he repaired every night after the family had gone to rest, and intuitively, without extraneous aid, learned to extract from it its powers of harmony as well as melody. Upon this subject Mr. Hogarth, in his highly popular History of Music, has the following sensible observation:—"A childish love for music or painting, even when accompanied with an aptitude to learn something of these arts, is not, in one case out of a hundred, or rather a thousand, conjoined with that degree of genius, without which it would be a vain and idle pursuit. In the general case, therefore, it is wise to check such propensities where they appear likely to divert or incapacitate the mind from graver pursuits. But, on the other hand, the judgment of a parent of a gifted child ought to be shown by his discerning the genuine talent as soon as it manifests itself, and then bestowing on it every care and culture."

A tale exactly similar is told of Handel's contemporary, John Sebastian Bach, a man of equally stupendous genius, and whose works at the present day are looked up to with the same veneration with which we regard those of the former. He was born at Eisenach in 1685, and when ten years old (his father being dead) was left to the care of his elder brother, an organist, from whom he received his first instructions; but the talent of the pupil so completely outran the slow current of the master's ideas, that pieces of greater difficulty were perpetually in demand, and as often refused. Among other things, young Bach set his heart upon a book containing pieces for the clarichord, by the most celebrated composers of the day, but the use of it was pointedly refused. It was in vain, however, to repress the youthful ardor of the composer. The book lay in a cupboard, the door of which was of lattice work; and as the interstices were large enough to admit his little hand, he soon saw that, by rolling it up, he could withdraw and replace it at pleasure; and having found his way thither during the night, he set about copying it, and, having no candle, he could only work by moonlight! In six months, however, his task was completed; but just as he was on the point of reaping the harvest of his toils, his brother unluckily found out the circumstance, and by an act of the most contemptible cruelty, took the book from him; and it was not till after his brother's death, which took place some time afterwards, that he recovered it.

The extraordinary proficiency acquired in this art more than in any other, at an age before the intellectual powers are fully expanded, may be regarded as one of the most interesting results of this early and enthusiastic devotion to music. We can easily imagine a child acquiring considerable powers of execution upon a pianoforte—an instrument which demands no great effort of physical strength, and even pouring forth a rich vein of natural melody; but how excellence in composition, in the combination of the powers of harmony and instrumentation—a process which in adults is usually arrived at after much labor, regular training, and long study of the best models and means of producing effect—how such knowledge and skill can ever exist in a child, is indeed extraordinary; still there can be no doubt of the fact. The genius of a Mozart appears and confounds all abstract speculations. When scarcely eight years of age, this incomparable artist, while in Paris, on his way to Great Britain, had composed several sonatas for the harpsichord, with violin accompaniments, which were set in a masterly and finished style. Shortly afterwards, when in London, he wrote his first symphony and a set of sonatas, dedicated to the Queen. Daines Barrington, speaking of him at this time, says that he appeared to have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental rules of composition, as on giving him a melody, he immediately wrote an excellent bass to it. This he had been in the custom of doing several years previously; and the minuets and little movements which he composed from the age of four till seven are said to have possessed a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design which were perfectly surprising. Mr. Barrington observes that at the above period, namely, when Mozart was eight years old, his skill in extemporaneous modulation, making smooth and effective transitions from one key to another, was wonderful; that he executed these musical difficulties occasionally with a handkerchief over the keys, and that, with all these displays of genius, his

general deportment was entirely that of a child. While he was playing to Mr. Barrington, his favourite cat came into the room, upon which he immediately left the instrument to play with it, and could not be brought back for some time; after which, he had hardly resumed his performance, when he started off again, and began running about the room with a stick between his legs for a horse! At twelve years of age he wrote his first opera, *La Finta Semplice*, the score of which contained five hundred and fifty-eight pages; but though approved by Hasse and Metastasio, in consequence of a cabal among the performers, it was never represented. He wrote also at the same age a mass, "Offertorium," &c., the performance of which he conducted himself. The precocity of Handel, though not quite so striking, was nearly so. At nine years of age he composed some motets of such merit that they were adopted in the service of the church; and about the same age, Purcell, when a singing boy, produced several anthems so beautiful that they have been preserved, and are still sung in our cathedrals. "To beings like these," Mr. Hogarth observes, "music seems to have no rules. What others consider the most profound and learned combinations, are with them the dictates of imagination and feeling, as much as the simplest strains of melody."

Mozart's early passion for arithmetic is well known, and to the last, though extremely improvident in his affairs, he was very fond of figures, and singularly clever in making calculations. Storace, a contemporary and kindred genius, who died in his thirty-third year, and whose English operas are among the few of the last century which still continue to hold their place on our stage, had the same extraordinary turn for calculation. We are not aware whether this can be shown to be a usual concomitant of musical genius, but, if it can, the coincidence might lead to much curious metaphysical inquiry. Certain it is that there exists a connection between that almost intuitive perception of the relation of numbers with which some individuals are gifted, and that faculty of the mind which applies itself to the intervals of the musical scale, the distribution of the chords, their effect separately and in combination, and the adjustment of the different parts of a score. It is by no means improbable, that, owing to some such subtlety of perception, Mozart was enabled to work off an infinitely greater variety and multitude of compositions, in every branch of the art, before he had reached his thirty-sixth year, in which he was cut off, than has ever been produced by any composer within the same space of time, and with a degree of minute scientific accuracy which has disarmed all criticism, and defied the most searching examination.

Nevertheless there is seldom any thing wonderful which is not exaggerated, and many absurd stories have been circulated in regard to these efforts; among others, that the overture to *Don Giovanni* was composed during the night preceding its first performance. This piece was certainly written down in one night, but it cannot be said to have been composed in that short space of time. The facts are as follow:—He had put off the writing till eleven o'clock of the night before the intended performance, after he had spent the day in the fatiguing business of the rehearsal. His wife sat by him to keep him awake. "He wrote," says Mr. Hogarth, "while she ransacked her memory for the fairy tales of her youth, and all the humorous and amusing stories she could think of. As long as she kept him laughing, till the tears ran down his cheeks, he got on rapidly; but if she was silent for a moment, he dropped asleep. Seeing at last that he could hold out no longer, she persuaded him to lie down for a couple of hours. At five in the morning she awoke him, and at seven, when the copyists appeared, the score was completed. Mozart was not in the habit of composing with the pen in his hand: his practice was not merely to form in his mind a sketch or outline of a piece of music, but to work it well and complete it in all its parts; and it was not till this was done that he committed it to paper, which he did with rapidity, even when surrounded by his friends, and joining in their conversation. There can be no doubt that the overture to *Don Giovanni* existed fully in his mind when he sat down to write it the night before its performance; and even then, his producing with such rapidity a score for so many instruments, so rich in harmony and contrivance, indicates a strength of conception and a power of memory altogether wonderful." In truth, Mozart's whole life would seem to have consisted of little more than a succession of

musical reveries. He was very absent, and in answering questions appeared to be always thinking about something else. Even in the morning, when he washed his hands, he never stood still, but used to walk up and down his room. At dinner, also, he was apparently lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did. During all this time the mental process was constantly going on; and he himself, in a letter to a friend, gives the following interesting explanation of his habits of composition.

"When once I become possessed of an idea, and have begun to work upon it, it expands, becomes methodised and defined, and the whole piece stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear, in my imagination, the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once; the delight which this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing lively dream, but the actual hearing of the whole is, after all, the greatest enjoyment. What has been thus produced, I do not easily forget; and this is, perhaps, the most precious gift for which I have to be thankful. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use the expression, what has previously been collected in the way I have mentioned. For this reason, the committing to paper is done quickly enough; for every thing, as I said before, is already finished, and rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination."

Apart from his musical triumphs, the personal character of Mozart is deeply interesting. From his earliest childhood, it seemed to be his perpetual endeavour to conciliate the affections of those around him; in truth, he could not bear to be otherwise than loved. The gentlest, the most docile and obedient of children, even the fatigues of a whole day's performance would never prevent him from continuing to play or practise, if his father desired it. When scarcely more than an infant, we are told that every night, before going to bed, he used to sing a little air which he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him, he was then, but not till then, laid in bed perfectly contented and happy. Throughout the whole of his career, he seemed to live much more for the sake of others than for himself. His great object at the outset was to relieve the necessities of his parents; afterwards his generosity towards his professional brethren, and the impositions practised by the designing on his open and unsuspecting nature, brought on difficulties. And, finally, those exertions so infinitely beyond his strength, which in the ardour of his affection for his wife and children, and in order to save them from impending destitution, he was prompted to use, destroyed his health, and hurried him to an untimely grave.

Mozart was extremely pious. In a letter written in his youth from Augsberg, he says, "I pray every day that I may do honour to myself and to Germany—that I may earn money, and be able to relieve you from your present distressed state. When shall we meet again, and live happily together?" It is not difficult to identify these sentiments with the author of the sublimest and most expressive piece of devotional music which the genius of man has ever consecrated to his Maker. Haydn, also, was remarkable for his deep sense of religion. "When I was composing the *Creation*," he used to say, "I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to write I earnestly prayed to God that he would enable me to praise him worthily." It is related also of Handel, that he used to express the great delight which he felt in setting to music the most sublime passages of Holy Writ, and that the habitual study of the Scriptures had a strong influence upon his sentiments and conduct.

LONDON SACRED HARMONISTS.—On Friday, 31st May, a second performance of "The Creation" was given by this society to a Hall as crowded as before. Miss Hayes sang as charmingly as ever; Mr. Lockey was, as usual, encored in the popular song, "In native worth;" and the grand chorus, "The Heavens are telling," was given by the choir with the usual precision and brilliancy. The society will, we believe, close its season with a performance of "St. Paul."

MADAME ELINE KRINITZ, a talented pianist from Paris, has arrived in London.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

EINE feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen,
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Not,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen
Der alte böse Feind,
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint,
Gross Macht und viel List
Sein grausam Rüstung ist;
Huf Erd' ist nicht sein's Glichen.

Mit unsrer Macht ist nicht gethan,
Wir sind gar bald verloren!
Es streit' für uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott selbst hat erkoren,
Fragst du, wer er ist?
Er heizt Jesus Christ,
Der Herr Zebaoth,
Und ist kein andrer Gott.
Das Feld mutz er behalten.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär,
Und wollten uns verschlingen,
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr;
Es soll uns doch gelingen.
Der Fürst dieser Welt,
Wie sau'r er sich stellt,
Thut er doch nichts,
Das macht, er ist gericht,
Ein Wörlein kann ihn fallen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn
Und keinen Dank dazu Laben;
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan,
Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.
Nehmen Sie uns den Leib,
Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib,
Latz fahren dahin!
Sie haben's kein Gewinn,
Das Reich mutz uns doch bleiben!

*The Lord is our good tower of strength,
Our shield, and sword of terror,
And He will free our souls at length,
From evil, and crime, and error.
The old accursed fiend,
With might and knavery screened,
Hell's armour dark and strong,
Hath risen to work us wrong—
On earth he hath no rival.*

*With arms of flesh we wrought avail,
Our ranks were soon disbanded,
But the right man doth hell assail,
As God himself commanded.
Ask ye, who can he be?
Jesus the Christ is he—
God of Sabaath's son,
By him the fight is won—
He on our side shall battle.*

*And, though the world with devils were thick,
Watchful and soul-devouring,
Ne'er shall our hearts grow faint or sick,
O'er all their wiles still towering.
The fiend, as pleaseth him,
May angry look, and grim,
Our souls he cannot slay,
His power hath passed away—
One little word shall smite him.*

*That Word, in spite of fraud or force,
Shall stand alone, immortal,
Still trampling in its heavenly course,
Hell, and its gloomy portal.
Slaughtered, disgraced, reviled,
'Reft of goods, wife, and child,
So be it—let them go,
Small is the loss, I trow—
God's mansion is eternal.*

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ATTACK OF A SINGING MASTER.
(To the *Editor of the Musical World*.)

SIR.—On Saturday, May 25th, I attended the Royal Academy of Music Concert, but arriving there late I heard only a few pieces, which, with the exception of the singing, much pleased me. My attention was soon arrested by a gentleman's asking me what I thought of her singing (a lady then singing). I shook my head. We entered into conversation. One of my remarks being overheard by a bystander, called forth from him a bitter tone of dissent; I requested him, therefore, to follow me into the passage, so that we might freely discuss without interrupting the audience; three or four other gentlemen accompanying us. I commenced by asking him of what he complained. He opened the debate by a grand philippic on my own standing in the profession, which he pronounced to be no very creditable one, adding that nothing I could advance respecting the singing masters would be taken any notice of. I answered, this depends, not on my personal acquirements, but upon the justness of my opinions; and if I write down *truths*, I fear he will find that they will be valued by honest men and by the dispassionate members of the press. I learned, in the course of the discussion, that this gentleman's name is Cocks or Cox, and having a pugnacious turn of mind, his name is not less pleasant for rhyming with *Box*. In fact he reminds me of Box, who asked Cox if he could fight, and on learning that he could not, he boldly doubled his fists and says "*then come on!*" As Mr. Cocks accused me of making broad assertions without proving them (though he named none), I will not withhold my reasons for considering him a shallow and pert man, which he can refute if he chooses. A man who impudently looks a stranger in the face, and says "I wonder that a man of your standing in the profession dare" do this that, and the other, knowing all the time that he is addressing his senior, who bears a good professional name by the first musicians, (which, if he do not know it, makes him appear the more ignorant and impudent,) I say such a man displays too insignificant a character to be deeply versed in anything except pertinacity. Now as Mr. Cocks is a singing master, let him prove to the world that he is not what I take him to be, by sending before the public a vocalist properly schooled, which if he cannot do, he will but be another example of what the adage affirms,

"Sooner or later it will come to pass,
That every braggard will be found an ass."

I pass on to give my motive for exposing Mr. Cocks. He was aware that of late I have drawn the attention of your numerous and dispassionate readers to the imperfect methods of vocal instruction, and he being one who felt the shock, was determined to insult me amongst the very parties of whom I had passed judgment. He, no doubt, fancied he could run about to his friends and tell them how gloriously he had set me down before the young students of the Royal Academy of Music. If he wishes to distinguish himself on a permanent footing, he should proceed on principles of a bolder nature than the one he adopted. The *Box and Cox* method won't do; so I invite him to "*come on!*" and refute one single word I have advanced respecting the singing and singing masters now in vogue; and if he can show that I have misstated facts, I will apologise for them in the next number of the *Musical World*.

What I complain of is as follows:—Many fine natural voices are spoiled by artificial training. The most generally used works on singing are written for the most uncommon voices, viz., the bass, tenor, and soprano, and for the common run of voices, viz., the baritone and mezzo soprano, no suitable exercises are to be found in them; in other words, the book collectors give exercises for the most rare voices, and neglect the most natural or usual ones. The singing masters are notoriously deficient in the high branches of musical science; they teach common-place music; they neglect the Great Masters, and if they teach one song of Mozart's they have the bad taste to daub it with mis-placed cadences and impertinent alterations, which not only shows a want of erudition, but a positive lack of musical perception. Now, Mr. Editor, I think the London singing masters cannot accuse me of assigning no reasons for my opinions; and I only wish they could assign as ample ones for not teaching our singers the great school of Italian

vocalisation, and further explain how it comes to pass that so many excellent voices have been ruined by teachers. If there be a true art or method in singing, it does not show itself to much advantage, and the mere fact of ruining one voice, or mistaking the character of a voice, permits one to doubt whether there be a fixed art in singing; and if not, the exercises given in singing books are of very little use to the world, because to practice them incorrectly does more harm than good to the voice. If such be the case, what opinion ought a reflecting mind to entertain of a singing master who strongly recommends this or that work on singing? The question is not *what* is the best work, but *what* is the best means to improve the voice.

Now, as twelve exercises, properly written for each description of voice, would make a singer, (if rightly practised), I think the masters would show more discretion by giving out such a work, than those now in vogue. But, Mr. Editor, *there may* be a reason for not doing this, and of this I will treat another time. Excuse the length of this letter. I am your's obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S. 1.—I have a few words to say on the *Times* article respecting the last concert given at the Royal Italian Opera, and will compare it with another article in another journal, on the same subject.

P.S. 2.—I will answer the member of the Bach Society.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

Plagiarism the Fifty-first.

JUVENAL, as we all know, declares that the chief misfortune of schoolmasters in this life, is their being subject to a certain thing called *crambe repetita*, which an old schoolmaster of mine always called *repeated cabbage*. Now surely the condition of readers are as bad as that of pedagogues when they are condemned to the *crambe repetita* of all the old poets. And what are the lines in the text but cabbage reboiled and rehashed until the eater actually swoons away with disgust? The notion about nature combating with fancy, (old and unpoetical as it is), has many faulters.

TURBERVILLE'S Poems.

For nature when she made her did entende
To paint a piece that no man might amende,
A patrone for the rest that after shoulde
Be made by hand, or cast in conyne moule.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Venus and Adonis*.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead living should exceed.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—*The Faithful Shepherdess*.

Now the sight
Of those sweet rising cheeks renews the sting
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus. Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in their speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painter can allow
To their best pieces.

PARK'S *Heliconia*, vol. i., p. 93.

A myrror make of M, whose mouldre Dame Nature in disdayne
To please herself and spight her foes in beauty rayed to raigne.
Whose sunny beames and starry eyes presents a heavenlyke face,
And shewes the world a wondrous work, such are her gyfts of grace.

DRYDEN.—*Palamon and Arcite*, book ii.

All these the painter drew with such command
That Nature snach'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign,
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.

TOM D'UREY.—*Ariadne; or, the Triumph of Bacchus*.

When Flora in fresco a brimmon is holding,
Goddess Nature methinks a new model is moulding;
The rays of her eyes shine a thousand times stronger,
And her plump rosie cheeks are still fresher and younger,
Her lips, like two cherries in Paradise growing,
Seem to blush with delight when the Burgundy's flowing.

Not bad lines, these of D'Urey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW PRIMADONNA.—A young lady named Bianca has appeared at several of the Italian theatres with remarkable success.

MISS EARDLEY, who has made so successful a *début* at the Lyceum, is from Mr. Newcombe's troupe at Plymouth. She was frequently mentioned by our correspondent as being one of the most rising musical actresses of the day.

MADEMOISELLE CHARTON has returned to town after a most successful tour in the provinces.

MISS ANNE PELZER gave her first *Matinée Musicale* at Willis' Rooms, on Wednesday, under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland. The *Beneficiare* exhibited her talents as a pianist by playing Beethoven's trio, Op. 70, for piano, violin, and violoncello, in which she was ably assisted by M. Maciejowski and Herr Hausmann; Mendelssohn's sonata for piano and violin, with M. Maciejowski; a study by Kufferath, and a duet for two pianofortes by Thalberg, in which she was ably assisted by Mr. Kialmark. Miss Anne Polzer also performed a solo of Regondi's on the concertina, Signor Regondi played fantasia on the guitar, as well as a fantasia on the concertina, in his usual superior manner. The vocalists were Miss Pyne and Miss Lanza. The former well merited the hearty applause awarded to her in Macfarren's ballad from *King Charles the Second*, "She shines before me like a star;" and the latter received an encore for her manner of singing "Alice Grey." The *matinée* gave general satisfaction.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. G. Barker gave a monster concert at this establishment, at which the attraction of Misses Lucombe, Poole, Nau, Ransford, L. Pyne, Pyne, Law, A. Romer, and Madame Macfarren, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Travers, Weiss, Drayton, Harrison, Mengis, De Kontski, &c., attracted a moderately numerous assembly. Much as the entertainment pleased—for, monstrous though they be, these multitudinous performances have their admirers, who are most vociferous in the testification of their pleasure—much as the entertainment pleased, there was great disappointment expressed at the non-appearance of Miss Poole, and of two or three other vocalists of less importance, and considerable inconvenience experienced from the absence of Mr. Loder and Mr. Lavenu, who were to have officiated as accompanists in conjunction with Signor Schira, which gentleman, finding they did not arrive, took his departure very long before the conclusion of the performance. In consequence of this, the greatest confusion prevailed, and Mr. Barker, whose powers as an orator had been tested even more severely, because more ineffectively, than as a vocalist and as a composer, had to appear in the new light of a pianist, in which character he did the best he could to carry on the proceedings, but this best did not carry them far. In the dilemma, Madame Macfarren, who had been singing an air from the *Huguenots* with great applause, kindly consented to accompany Miss Lucombe and Mr. Sims Reeves in the duett from *Linda di Chamouni*, which was received with such enthusiasm as to restore, in a great measure, the good humour of the audience, and after this, the fair vocalist filled the post of conductress till the end of the concert, in which she evinced a degree of musicianship and promptitude such as we scarcely know another vocalist to possess, and proved no less her obliging disposition than her talent. It would be difficult to particularise the features of so miscellaneous and irregular a performance; it must be enough to say, that, *malgré* the many disappointments of the evening, the entertainment appeared to give great amusement, if not entire satisfaction, and the audience dispersed considerably after twelve o'clock (the concert having commenced at seven), with every token of good humour.

JENNY LIND.—The Stockholm journals announce an event in the musical world. Jenny Lind has broken through her resolution not to reappear upon the stage. She will perform a part in a new opera, written expressly for the *filles* given in celebration of the marriage of the crown prince with the daughter of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands.

LITERATUZA. like politics, is not in France a steady pursuit, but an exciting adventure—the many are as despotic in letters as in legislation. Success in either depends on universal suffrage; and talent, to make money, must cater to the taste of the ruling power of the day. What that taste is, none seem to know better than that man of many volumes,—the Socialist candidate for the suffrage of the electors of Paris.

ACCIDENT TO MR. BUNN.—An accident occurred to Mr. Bunn, at Nottingham, last week. The talented manager was giving his entertainment at the Mechanics' Hall, when, at the conclusion of the first part, the platform gave way, and he fell with great force, which injured him so much as to compel him to apologise to the audience, and to omit a portion of his performance.

DRURY-LANE THEATRICAL FUND.—On Monday evening the usual annual festival of this charity took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, and was remarkably well attended. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was expected to preside, but at the last moment intimated to Mr. Harley, the treasurer, that he was unable to do so, as his presence was required in the House of Lords. In the absence of his Royal Highness, the chair was filled by Sir Wyndham Anstruther, who exerted himself in the most creditable manner to discharge the duties thus cast upon him. The amusements of the evening were well sustained by the gratuitous services of many of our most esteemed and favourite musicians and vocalists; to these were superadded the exertions of Mr. Bacon, the proprietor of the tavern, who provided the dinner on a scale of unusual splendour. Among the ladies and gentlemen who favoured the company with gratuitous performances, were Herr Ernst, Miss P. Horton, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Ransford, Miss Fanny Hudgart, Miss M. Nelson, Mr. D. W. King, and M. Vivier. The proceedings in a business point of view were of the usual character—Mr. Harley, in an amusing speech, reporting on the progress and prospects of the charity, and announcing subscriptions amounting altogether to about £600. It appears that at present there are fifteen annuitants on the fund, and that in a short time, six more are likely to be added to the number. Under these circumstances, unless the friends of the charity come to its support, it is anticipated that a reduction of the allowances to annuitants must take place, or the vested capital of the charity must be interfered with. The whole character of the festival may be described as very successful, if not for the permanent interests of the fund, at least for the amusement of those present, and the hall was graced with a large assemblage of ladies, who took a lively interest in the proceedings.

MISS CHANDLER gave an evening concert at the Music Hall, Store Street, which was fully attended. The vocalists were the Misses Cole, Miss L. Pitt, Miss Leslie, Mr. Frank Bodda, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Reed. The instrumentalists were Mdlle. Verdavaine (pianofort), Miss Kennedy (harp), M. Camris (flute), Herr Hagg (violin), and Mr. Sedgwick and Mr. E. Barton (concertinas). Miss Chandler, the *beneficiare*, contributed to the pleasures of the evening by performing a duet in conjunction with Herr Hagg for piano and violin, and also sang various songs and duets, in all of which she well merited the applause bestowed upon her. Among the vocalists who obtained the approbation of the audience were Mr. Bodda, in Rossini's tarantella, "La Danza;" Mr. Peed, in Kucken's song, "Go bird, and to Bohemia fly;" and Miss L. Pitt, in a ballad by Patourel. Miss Kennedy was much applauded for her fantasia on the harp, which she executed with great brilliancy, and in a style superior to any lady harpist we have heard for a long while.

NORFOLK.—On Thursday evening, Mr. Distin and his three sons, the celebrated performers on the Sax-horns, gave a concert in St. Andrew's-hall. The talents of the Messrs. Distin, evinced in the perfection to which they have carried the use of their "saxa-horns," are well appreciated by the inhabitants of Norwich, who had an opportunity of hearing them in some concerts a few years ago, and there was a numerous attendance on Thursday night. The programme comprised selections from *Belisario*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, &c., for the instrumentalists, and some ballads, quartets, and madrigals for the vocalists (Miss M. O'Connor and Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin). The encores were numerous, expressing, in an unqualified manner, the approbation of the audience. Of the instrumental pieces, the aria, "All is lost," played by Mr. H. Distin; the Echo duet, by Messrs. H. and W. Distin; and the selection from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, were most warmly and deservedly applauded. The beautiful madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," by Miss O'Connor and Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin, was well sung; and Miss O'Connor earned a loud encore by the sweet manner in which she gave "The Emigrant's Lament." Mr. John Willy accompanied the vocalists on the piano-forte.—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

MADEMOISELLE COULON'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT was given at the Hanover Rooms on Monday. In the programme, among a good deal that was common-place—the necessary sacrificial offerings at the shrine of public taste—there were *moreauz* which testified largely to the musical feeling and judgment of the young pianiste. Foremost of these was Beethoven's grand quintet in E flat, for piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, played by Mdlle. Coulon and the Messrs. Barret, Lazarus, Baumann, and Jarret. This was an admirable performance, and was received with considerable applause, Mademoiselle Coulon coming in for her full share of the compliment. The *beneficiaire* did not stint her labors in the evening's entertainment. In addition to her share in Beethoven's quintet, she played Thalberg's *Sonnambula* fantasia; a "Sicilienne," by Rivana; and, with Benedict, Osborne's duet on themes from the *Huguenots*. Mademoiselle Coulon was extremely happy in her various efforts. Beethoven was not too classical nor too profound; neither was Thalberg too brilliant or too exacting. Ravina was not too simple; neither was Osborne too elegant or too fanciful. In all styles she succeeded, and was overwhelmed with plaudits as hearty as they were well merited. Mons. Sainton played a fantasia on the violin with his usual masterly skill and perfect execution. Signor Braccialdi played a solo on the flute, M. Rousselot ditto on the violoncello, and Mr. Frederick Chatterton ditto on the harp. The singing was various and good, and apportioned to the Misses Birch, Mdlle. Graumann, Mdlle. Nau, M. De Besenier, Signor Burdini, and Herr Stigelli. Messrs. Benedict, Jules de Glimes, and Lindsay Sloper were the conductors.

HERR WILHELM KUHE, the well known pianist and conductor, gave his annual morning concert on Tuesday, at the Hanover Rooms. The programme was good—the vocal and instrumental portion being well balanced. Among the singers were Mademoiselle Charton, Mademoiselle Schloss, Mademoiselle Graumann, Mademoiselle de Rupplin, Miss Bassano, and Madame Nottes, Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Stigelli, Herr Mayerhofer, and Signor Ciabatti. Miss Catherine Hayes was engaged, but was prevented from attending by illness. Mademoiselle Charton sang "Voi che sapete," the grand air from the *Diamants de la Couronne*, and our English ballad, "Home, sweet home." Italian, French, and English! In each and all Mademoiselle Charton proved herself an admirable artist. Mozart's song was beautifully sung, with the sweetest expression and the most perfect taste, while Auber's sparkling aria served to show the brilliancy and facility of the vocalist. Nor was Mademoiselle Charton less successful in the English ballad. It was rendered with a charm and a simplicity but rarely found in artists of the Italian and French schools. Mademoiselle Charton's pronunciation of the English is excellent. Mademoiselle Schloss sang Mozart's "Parto," and a schiffereuse of Molique. This lady has a fine sonorous voice, and sings with great energy. Mozart's aria was finely given. Mr. Sims Reeves sang twice—on the first occasion an air from Verdi's *Lombardi*, and on the second Angelina's ballad, "Sweeter vows were never spoken." Herr Stigelli sang several times. He was encored in a German lied of his own composition. In the instrumental division, we had a solo by Piatti; the andante and finale from Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for violin, violoncello, and piano—Molique, Piatti, and Kuhe being the executants; two fantasias on Hungarian melodies by Molique; a solo on the harp by Mr. Ap. Thomas; and a concertina *melange* by Signor Regondi. The conductors were Messrs. Lavenu, Mr. Brinley Richards, and Herr Kuhe.

AMATEUR CONCERT AT THE GROSVENOR STREET MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.—On Saturday last, a party of amateurs gave an exceedingly interesting concert at the above institute. The band, led by Mr. Baetens, performed overtures, &c., in capital style. Mr. Baetens, whose performance in another sphere we have already had an opportunity of admiring, played in the course of the evening some brilliant variations on the violin; and we were much struck with the purity of his tone and the refinement of his style. He is evidently a perfect master of his instrument, and only requires to be heard to be appreciated. Mr. Jennings (first oboe at the Concert Hall and of M. Jullien's Concerts), played a solo with great taste and expression, and with Mr. Sorge (first clarinet at the Concert Hall), performed a duet from *Robert le Diable*, arranged for clarinet and Cor Anglaise, which was received with

great applause. Messrs. Wand and Kohler also assisted. The execution on the flageolet, displayed by the latter, places him second to Collinet alone. Altogether, the concert did great credit to all engaged in it. It was got up, we understand, for the advantage of the professional gentlemen, in return for their having on a previous occasion given their services to raise funds for the promotion of the objects of the institution.—*Manchester Guardian*.

THEATRE ROYAL.—MISS HELEN FAUCIT.—Last Tuesday, Miss Faust left the loveliest scenes of dramatic poetry, that the public might comprehend how the very simplest work may be made important in the hands of a true artist. The piece selected for performance was a *petite* comedy, in one act, which we should have placed under the category of farce, had it been played by one of less refinement than Miss Faust. "The Tragedy Queen" is the well-known actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle; and the plot of the piece is founded, if we remember correctly, on an incident in her life. She contrives to fascinate, to disgust, and afterwards win back, the admiration of a rather raw young gentleman who has seen her on the stage, and we are left at the conclusion somewhat doubtful of the final result—whether he is to become her husband, or to continue a mere romantic worshipper. She gains the good opinion of the old gentleman as well as that of the son, and he who came to condemn, stays to admire. The scenes between Mr. Addison, as Ebenezer Standfast (the father), and Mrs. Bracegirdle, are decided the most effective. Miss Faust, in the latter, showed her subtle perception of character, and the elegance and refinement of manner, which made the humour the more telling. Her laugh was catching, and the broad sketchy style of the scene where she would desire to disgust the country novice, was as true to nature as the finer touch of sentiment when she alludes to his kindness and daring on the occasion of a recent situation of peril in which she was placed. It is difficult for criticism to determine whether Miss Faust excels more in tragedy or comedy; the same intellectual faculty and feeling penetrate all she attempts—the same refinement, the same truthful earnestness. Mr. Addison played the old lawyer with much talent—broad enough in humour, yet not extravagant; and Mr. Vining showed improvement in the son, though there was throughout a little too much *gaucherie*; his great deficiency at all times is that swallowing of his words, thereby completely depriving the audience of one-half the text; he possesses certain qualities useful to an actor, and would take a much higher position in public opinion by allowing nature to have more of her own way. The affectation of rhetoric is a bad habit, upon which few actors build a reputation. Mrs. J. Wood played the part of Bridget (maid servant to Mrs. Bracegirdle) but indifferently; it wanted life and vigour. This actress is evidently a favourite with her audience, and there is considerable cleverness occasionally in what she does, but she has yet very much to learn; and first of all, expression of feature, one of the main points in all good acting—about which, indeed, acting is worthless. She repeats words rather than embodies thought, but her *naïveté* of manner supports her in what would otherwise be frequently very insipid. Presuming her to be young, there is, however, a fair chance, with study, that she may yet gain a respectable position in the arduous profession of which she is a member. To-night, Miss Faust is announced for Beatrice, in which part she stands alone.—*Manchester Examiner*, June 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS BINCKES & MR. JOSEPH HAIGH.

BEG to announce that they will give an EVENING CONCERT at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, June 14, 1850.

Vocal Performers, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mdlle. Da Vinci, and Miss Binckes, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Ronconi, and Mr. Joseph Haigh, (his first appearance since his return from Italy).

Instrumental Performers.—Pianoforte, Miss Binckes; Harp, Mr. J. Balfir Chatterton (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen); Violin, Mr. H. Blagrove; Concertina, Mr. R. Blagrove.

Conductors . . . Mr. LINDSEY SLOPER, and Mr. W. C. MACFARREN.

Tickets, 7s. each; to admit four, £1 1s.; and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. each; to be had at the principal music shops; of Miss Binckes, Cornbury Place, Old Kent Road; and of Mr. J. Haigh, 51, Bernard Street, Russell Square. Reserved Seats to be had only of Miss Binckes and Mr. Haigh.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

LA TEMPESTA.

It is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 13TH, 1850,

When will be presented, an entirely New Grand Opera, by HALEVY, the Poem by SCRIBE, founded on the *Tempest* of SHAKESPEARE, and composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, entitled

LA TEMPESTA.

The Incidental Dances by M. PAUL TAGLIONI.
The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso (King of Naples)	Sig. LORENZO.
Prospero (Duke of Milan)	Sig. COLETTI.
Antonio (his Brother, the Usurper)	Sig. F. LABLACHE.
Ferdinand (Prince of Naples)	Sig. BAUCARDE.
Trinculo	Signor FERRARI.
Stephano	Mdlle. PARODI.
Sycorax	Mdlle. IDA BERTRAND.
Spirit of the Air	Madame GIULIANI.
Ariel	Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI.
Caliban	Sig. LABLACHE.
	and
Miranda	Madame SONTAG.

With a Variety of Entertainments in the

BALLET DEPARTMENT,

In which

Mdlle. CARLOTTA GRISI,

Mdlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, Mdlle. MARIE TAGLIONI,
M. CHARLES, and M. PAUL TAGLIONI,

Will appear.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

M. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MADAME SONTAG will sing, by general desire, and for the last time, the variations, "Ah! vous dirai-je maman," with flute obligato, by M. Remusat; a grand duet, with Madame Frezzolini; Mendelsohn's celebrated trio, from Elijah, with Mdlle Charton, Mdlle I. Bertrand; and a new English ballad, composed expressly for the occasion of M. BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT, which will be given on the Stage of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on FRIDAY MORNING, June 21. Boxes and stalls may be secured at the Box-office of the Theatre, and of M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON

HAS the honour to announce his MORNING CONCERT, under the patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, June 14, to commence at 2 o'clock. Vocal Performers.—Signora Bongiovanni, Signora Westwalewicz, Mdlle. Terese Magnier, Misses Mira Griesbach, Rose, and Low, Herr Mengis, Signor Furtado, and Mr. Frank Boddia.

Pianoforte, Mdlle. Coulon; flute, Signor Bricciadelli; violin, Mons. Bezeth; and harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, who will perform his grand fantasia *Rimembranza d'Italia*, as played by him before Her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Conductors.—Mr. Kiallmark and Mr. Maurice Levy.

Tickets, 7s. each, to be had of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, 8, Duchess-street, Portland Place, and at the principal music warehouses.

DISTIN'S CONCERTS.

MESRS. DISTIN will perform on the Sax Horns in the following towns:—Monday, June 10th, Diss; 11th, Eye; 12th, Halesworth; 13th, Framlingham.

Vocalist

Miss O'CONNOR.

Pianist

Mr. J. WILLY.

Messrs. Distin will return to London on Friday, the 14th.

All letters to be addressed to Henry Distin's, Sax Horn Dépôt, 131, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

MR. CRIVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that a THIRD EDITION of *THE ART OF SINGING*, enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his Residence, 71, UPPER NORTON STREET, and at all the principal Musicsellers.

W. H. HOLMES'S

PIANOFORTE ANDANTE,

Price 2s. To be had of the principal Musicsellers. Also, by the same Composer—BALLAD,

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD,

Sung by Miss Dolby; 2s.; and New Song,

MILLY'S CONSOLATION,

Sung by Madame Macfarren; 2s. 6d.

JUST PUBLISHED,

MENDELSSOHN. *Andante and Variations for the Pianoforte*, in E Flat Major, Op. 82, Posth. Works No. 10. Price 3s.

N.B.—Another Set of Variations now in the press.

J. J. EWER and Co., Newgate Street.

Just Published,

MADILLE JENNY LIND'S

"MADELAINE AND THE BIRD."

A DOUBLE SONG, Translated from the German by DESMOND RYAN, Esq. Music by C. A. ANZOLD. Sung by JENNY LIND in all her late Concerts on the Continent.—Price 1s. SCHOTT and Co., Importers and Publishers.

TO MUSIC SELLERS.

WANTED, by a Young Man, aged 25, of considerable experience, a SITUATION in a MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT.—He has a thorough knowledge of Tuning and the Mechanism of Pianofortes, acquired at Messrs. Broadwood and Son's manufactory, and has had extensive practice both in London and the Country.

Letters addressed J. F., care of Messrs. Hutton and Co., 22, Skinner, Street, London, will meet with immediate attention.

MADAME VERDAVAINNE, PROFESSOR of the Pianoforte and Guitar, has the honor to inform her Patrons, her Friends, and Pupils, that she resides at No. 4, OLD CAVENDISH STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE. Tuition at home and abroad.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

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THE Gentlemen of the Huddersfield Glee Club hereby offer a Premium of TEN GUINEAS for the best original serious GLEE for Four voices. To be sent in addressed "To the Huddersfield Glee Club, George Hotel, Huddersfield," on or before the 31st of August next.

Each composition is to be distinguished by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed letter (containing the real name and address of the composer), indorsed with a corresponding motto.

The manuscripts will be retained by the Club, but the copyright will not be interfered with. The name of the successful candidate will be announced immediately after the decision.

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Huddersfield, May 28th, 1850.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

MRS. ANDERSON'S MORNING CONCERT.

On MONDAY, June 10th, Mrs. ANDERSON'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place, commencing at Half-past One precisely. For Particulars see Advertisement.

LES HUGUENOTS.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, June 11th, will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Osera,

LES HUGUENOTS.

The Principal Characters by

Madame. GRISI,	Madame. CASTELLAN,
Madlle. COTTI,	Madlle. de MERIC,
Signor LAVIA,	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Mons. MASSOL,	Signor LUIGI MEI,
Signor POLONINI,	Signor ROMMI,
Signor SOLDI,	Signor TALAMO,
Herr FORMES, and	Signor MARIO.

EXTRA NIGHT.

LA GAZZRA LADRA.—NORMA.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 13th, a GRAND COMBINED ENTERTAINMENT will be given, commencing with the FIRST ACT of BELLINI'S Opera,

N O R M A.

Norma,	Madame GRISI.
Adalgisa,	Mademoiselle VERA.
Clotilde,	Mademoiselle COTTI,
Flavio,	Signor SOLDI,
Oroveso,	Herr FORMES,
AND	
Pollio,	Signor TAMBERLIK.

After which will be performed (for the First Time these Three Years) Rossini's favorite Opera,

LA GAZZRA LADRA.

Ninetta	Mdme. CASTELLAN,
(Her First Appearance in that Character.)	
Lucia	Mdelle. COTTI,
Pippo	Mdelle. de MERIC,
(Her First Appearance in that Character.)	
Fernando	Signor TAMBURINI,
Podesta	Signor RONCONI,
(His First Appearance in that Character.)	
Fabrizio	Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Isacco	Signor LAVIA,
Georgio	Signor POLONINI,
AND	
Giannetto.	Signor MARIO.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven, and the Performances commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Tickets for the Boxes, Stalls, or the Pit, may be had (for the Night or Season) at the Box-office of the Theatre, corner of Hart Street and Bow Street, Covent Garden, which is open from 10 till 5 o'clock; and at the Principal Libraries.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

COVENT



GARDEN.

Under the Immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty,
THE QUEEN.

MRS. ANDERSON,

Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and Musical Instructress
to her Royal Highness the Princess Royal,

Has the honour to announce to her Patrons and Friends, that her ANNUAL

GRAND MORNING CONCERT

Will take place at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, on
MONDAY, JUNE 10th.

The Concert will be in Two Parts.

PART I.

The Whole of the MS. Music, composed by

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY,
To the Sophoclean Tragedy of

EDIPUS COLONEUS,

Which (for the First Time) will be publicly performed, with the English version of its Lyrics, and an elucidative MONOLOGUE, written for this occasion by Mr. BARTHOLOMEW, and which will be recited, with extracts from the MS. Tragedy, by

MR. BARTLEY,

who had the honour of reading the Tragedy by Command of HER MAJESTY.

This Work has been performed only at Buckingham Palace, and it is by THE KIND AND GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY that Mrs. Anderson is enabled to produce it on this occasion.

PART II. will consist of

A MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION,

Supported by

ALL THE PRINCIPAL ARTISTES,

and also

THE MAGNIFICENT BAND AND CHORUS

of that Establishment.

Conductor Mr. COSTA.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Boxes: Pit Tier, £2 2s.—Grand Tier, £4 4s.—First Tier, £3 3s.—Second Tier, £2 2s.—Third Tier, £1 11s. 6d.—Orchestra Stalls, 15s.—Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.—Pit, 5s.—Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

The Doors will be opened at 1 o'clock precisely.

Tickets and Boxes to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre; at the principal music-sellers and libraries; and of Mrs. Anderson, 21, Manchester Street, Manchester Square.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, June 9th, 1850.